

Am I Next?

POETRY

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Growing up we learned
To call 911 when in danger,
They would protect us
Now we live concerned
That they've become a stranger
we can no longer trust
Afraid to be pulled over
because we may
become a casket owner
But they don't see it that way,
they will never know
How we feel when our family is taken away
Pain and anger continue to grow
Towards the justice system
that wronged the Black community
Along with the government standing up for them
Those who aren't oppressed have impunity
"But you're a child you wouldn't understand"
Even young children know
For starters my uncle rest six feet below
Beaten and tased constantly
by the hands of corrupt cops and
the image lingers in my mind persistently
Yet they ask "Why?"
Protest
Cause such ruckus
Start a destructive riot
We are fed up with how we live,
Being downplayed by "All Lives Matter"
The unfair treatment
Tired of living in fear
Asking that one question,
"Am I next?" ■